

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

FOREIGN NOTABLES.

In the French city of Beauvais a small vehicle, built with two wheels and drawn by a man or boy, is in common use. It is called a vinaigrette.

It is estimated that Henry Labouchere, who is about to retire from parliament, has spent more than \$1,000,000 in defending libel suits brought against him as editor of Truth.

Thomas Price, the new premier of South Africa, was born in North Wales in 1852 and was brought up to his father's calling as a stonecutter. Curiously enough, he worked on the parliament house in which he now sits as premier.

John Hasketh, who was commissioned by the Australian government to make a tour of investigation through the United States and Europe, has reported that by far the foremost telegraphic administration in the world is that of the general post office, Great Britain.

Francis Villiers, the new English minister at Lisbon, bears a name that is extremely well known at the foreign office. His father was three times foreign secretary and his marble statue at the foot of the grand staircase is the only memorial of its kind which has been erected in the department.

Sir David Gill, who has been astronomer-royal at the Cape since 1879, is resigning his post and returning to England for the new year. Many notable astronomical problems have been solved at the Cape observatory under Sir David Gill's direction, including the determination of the sun's distance from observations of the minor planets Victoria, Sappho and Iria.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

A Denver girl sprained her ankle at a football game. Gee, she must have a deep voice!

Palm—Do men usually give according to their means?
Pepper—No; according to their means.

Orange—Has he an interest in the business?
Lemon—Only a slight curiosity, I believe.

Plum—Why do they call an auto "she"?
Prunes—It's so hard to manage, and so expensive.

Emmeline—I pity the man that marries you.
Eleanor—I'd do the same for the man that marries you, only I know there'll never be any such man.

She—I'll learn you to find fault with my temper. When we married you took me for better or worse.
He—Yes, Martha, but did I hope there would have been something like an average.

ANÆMIA CAN BE CURED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood and Strengthen the Root of Disease.

Anæmia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They cure anæmia just as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Thos. J. McGinn, of 17 Lincoln Place, Pl. 1st, N.Y., and they can do as much for any other pale, weak, ailing, bloodless person.

"In the spring of 1903 I did my usual house cleaning," says Mrs. McGinn, "and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a morning when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anæmia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months, the doctor coming every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve to amount to anything."

"Altogether I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a rag, had headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst."

"One day, while I was wondering how long I could live, feeling as I did, I received a booklet telling about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it and told my husband to get me some of the pills. Before the first box was gone I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as I could be, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headache, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel ten years younger. I feel that I have been cured very cheaply and I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to lots of my friends."

For further information address the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

That Delightful Aid to Health

Paxtine

Toilet Antiseptic

Whitens the teeth—purifies mouth and breath—cures nasal catarrh, sore throat, sore eyes, and by direct application cures all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions caused by feminine ills.

Paxtine possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities unlike anything else. At all druggists, 50 cents.

LARGE TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

The R. Paxton Co., Boston, Mass.

A ROSE OF NORMANDY
BY WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Renee then opened her heart to her companion, and the iron-gray head of the doughty warrior was bent in wondering interest at the recital of the perils of the girl, the depth of a woman's love, the wound a feminine heart can suffer and yet live, and the strength of purpose of a noble nature that has resolved to conquer, even though it be by flight. She told of the Comte de Miron, of his duel with Comte de Miron, of his advent in the chair of her love she felt to be returned, of the appearance of the comte in Quebec. As regards Tontie she contented herself with saying that she had learned that she was mistaken in her estimate of the man, that he was all unworthy of her love, and that, in short, she had ceased to love him. Her reticence as to the cause of her change of feeling, the vehemence with which she expressed her dislike, and the evidences of mingled shame and hurt pride in her tone, caused Frontenac to smile indulgently. He listened patiently until the end and then dismissed her, saying in a soothing tone: "I will consider the matter ma chere, and if I can find no other remedy, believe me I shall not stand in your way of escape from this rascal, but shall aid you all in my power."

Renee thanked him and arose to go. As she passed through the anteroom she was startled at finding Tontie standing by the window, evidently awaiting an opportunity to see the comte. He, too, was surprised at beholding her, and bowed low as she passed, muttering some commonplace greeting. She, however, neither noticed his bow, his words, nor himself, but with eyes fixed in front of her, passed rapidly through the door with an air of haughty pride and disdain that would have done credit to mademoiselle herself, and was gone.

Frontenac saw this by-play and laughed at the rueful countenance with which Tontie greeted him.

"There seems to be some mistake," he said. "You apparently think you know the fair dame, while she believes differently. Ah! you know, trying your fascinations on every pretty woman you meet!"

"Pardon, M. le Comte," replied Tontie, stiffly, "but I knew the young lady before leaving France, hence my salutation. She probably did not see me."

"Very likely," responded Frontenac, dryly. "Since you know her so well she will probably tell you how it happens she is here and all about herself. It will save me the trouble."

Tontie grasped him by the wrist nervously. "Come," he said, "you are my friend. Tell me when and why did she leave France?"

Frontenac, seeing the young man's earnestness, good-naturedly told him of the arrival of his charge.

"She has fled from Louis," murmured Tontie. "But why this garb of a religieuse?"

"To escape the attentions of a worthless adventurer who came in the same ship. She wished to become a nun, but I was not willing to allow that."

"Wished to become a nun!" exclaimed Tontie, in astonishment. "How can that be? She loves La Salle, and he is devoted—"

"Loves La Salle!" laughed Frontenac long and loudly. "Hol! hol! my friend, I happen to know better than that."

Tontie's face flushed angrily. He took a step forward, crying, "You know? What can you know—unless, par Dieu! you are wooing her and intending to marry her yourself?"

Frontenac fairly choked with merriment at these words. When he was able to speak again he said:

"Mord! one at a time! Do I want both ears boxed? But come, my warlike friend, sit down and evaporate your wrath."

Tontie took several strides up and down the room, then turning to his companion, exclaimed:

"Pardon, mon ami, but I am distracted and know not what I say. Hear me, and decide if I have not reason for my madness. I meet a beautiful woman in Paris. I worship and adore her. She is friendly. I leave France; and my comrade, the whom I have sworn to aid and defend, confides to my honor a mighty secret, tells me that he loves the same woman, and that he has every reason to believe that he can win her. Two years later I approach a besieged seignior in the wilderness and find her, the woman I love and whom I left across the seas, as the defender of the post. I meet her here; she will not even recognize me. You talk of her and tell me she desires the convent and the veil. Mon Dieu! what am I to believe?"

"You have never told me of your love," asked the comte in return.

"I could hardly do so after my friend and companion had honored me with his confidence, little dreaming of my own feelings toward her," replied Tontie, proudly.

Frontenac watched the young man musingly. "One can never know a woman's mind. If Madame Bizard were here—"

"Madame Bizard?" cried Tontie. "She has never known her?"

"Certainement! It was to her charge that I confided the girl when she first came."

"Miserable!" ejaculated Tontie. He then related to the governor the details of the attempt to entrap him through the agency of that woman before he had left Quebec.

Frontenac opened his eyes and whistled softly. "She then has reason to dislike you. She offered to become your dishonored friend; you repulsed her, she accordingly became your dishonored enemy. I see," he muttered to himself after a moment's thought.

"See what?" exclaimed Tontie.

"Nothing," was the mysterious reply, "except the sunlight advancing along the floor, which reminds me that time passes. Perhaps I may find a solution to your riddle some day."

After Tontie had left the room Frontenac sat awhile buried in thought. At length his brow cleared, his lips parted in a smile, and he laughed at some idea that occurred to him. He evidently relished his little joke, for the next week the mere sight of Tontie or Renee in the distance was sufficient to set his sides a-shaking. The savor of his jest was so enjoyable that it kept him in excellent humor at the next council meeting, so that for the first time since the arrival of Duchesneau there was absolutely no friction. His merriment even followed him into sleep, and he found himself awaking with a laugh on more than one occasion.

He sent for Renee one day, and, taking her hand in his great palm, said kindly: "Ma chere, I have been considering the request you made me, and am persuaded that you are right. I believe indeed it is for your best happiness that you should go. I will send you to Montreal with the nun that accompanies you, there to await the arrival of the rest of the expedition that I am dispatching to the relief of La Salle, and which will be large enough to protect you. Then," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "I know you will not find in the woods another rascal as base as you believe M. Tontie to be."

To Tontie he said in farewell:

"I have been thinking over your predicament of mind, and can give you no solution now. Time will determine all things and set matters right. Now banish all thoughts of love, and back with all speed to your comrades. I have made arrangements for the most important load of all to be shipped from Montreal. When you arrive there you will receive it. Guard it with your very life, and convey it in your own canoe, as it will prove indeed to be a treasure for La Salle."

He watched Tontie's figure grow smaller and smaller in the distance, and finally turned away with a sigh and the enigmatical remark, "I have done the best I could. If they do not find themselves, it will not be my fault."

As they paddled up the stream on the return voyage, the men kept time to an old chanson that they sang lustily. Tontie did not join in the song. His mind and heart were filled with a strange perplexity. He had been unable to see Renee again during his stay in Quebec, and rumors had



"I HAVE DONE THE BEST I COULD."

reached him that she had left again for some distant point on an errand of mercy. Her refusal to recognize him still rankled in his heart. He knew not what he could have done to merit her disapproval. He had intended speaking to her of La Salle and telling her of his bravery and determination, thinking that she would be content to talk to him, and thus, although it were to discuss the excellencies of his rival, he would find a certain sweet satisfaction in being with her. Then, too, what would his comrade think when he told him that he had seen her, and yet brought no message from her? A feeling of weariness passed over him, that weariness of living that comes at times to every man, as the result of baffled endeavor or hope deferred, that clogging effect of our imperfect human nature upon the ever-buoyant spiritual. But the thought of the patient, steadfast heart awaiting him, that waved not ever hand by foes open and secret, by the giant obstacles of nature, and the checks of chance and circumstance, quickened Tontie's fortitude and purpose, until his paddle cleft the water and tossed its glistening spray as gallantly as any voyager.

Renee waited at Montreal the arrival of the party with a feeling of relief and happiness. The voyage from Quebec had been made without discomfort, and as long as the leagues were left behind her spirits had risen, and she had given herself up to the enjoyment of the healthful, vigorous life about her. At length it was announced that the fleet had arrived, and her escort was in waiting. She thereupon repaired with her companion to the river-side, full of hope for the long journey before her. Upon nearing the designated place she caught the glint from the paddles of a group of canoes that had already started, and saw the one remaining craft that awaited their arrival. On reaching the landing, she beheld the leader engaged in conversation with one of the fur-traders. He turned toward her, and she recognized in him the man from whom she had fled. She saw him start and flush, as though with feigned surprise. She stood rooted to the spot in astonishment and anger. How could he have learned of her proposed expedition she could not comprehend, as she had taken great care at Quebec that her destination should not be known; no one but the superior and Frontenac knew, and she did not believe that either of these would betray her. The presumption of the man who, knowing her aversion to him, had forced his society upon her was insufferable. But nothing could be done now. The remainder of the canoes had already departed, and there was no escape, so summoning to her aid all the pride of a race that for generations had conquered or suffered, as the case might be, through their haughtiness, she disregarded the doffed cap and proffered arm, and took her appointed seat without a word.

[To Be Continued]

CHAPTER XIX.
IN WHICH THE PERILS OF THE DEEP ARE MET, AND POMPOON CLIMBS A TREE.

Through the long sunny days, past cape and river-mouth, flower-fringed bank and wooded islands, the expedition hurried on without let or hindrance from human foe or Nature's adverse whim. Renee contented herself with conversing in low tones with her companion, whilst Tontie from his position in the bow neither spoke nor turned his head. On landing he superintended carefully the erection of the bark but that sheltered the women for their occupancy. Their meals were cooked and served as daintily as the rude means available would allow, the Mohegan hunter in some mysterious manner always providing fresh fowl or fish or tender bird to tempt their appetite. To him and to Pompon who served them Renee was all graciousness; but Tontie, who cared for every detail and who, unknown to them, slept before their door each night, received no thanks. He did not attempt to force himself upon them, maintaining always a respectful distance and a demeanor full of deferential courtesy. Delightful as these attentions would have been to the Tontie she had first known, they became under the circumstances anything but agreeable, almost unbearable; for it seemed to Renee that, perceiving, as he must, her repugnance to him, he was choosing the most successful way to torture her and render her miserable. And so the bitterness in her heart for the man she had once loved increased.

At length the distant glimpse of the walls of Fort Frontenac was hailed with delight as being the end of the first stage of their long pilgrimage. They landed amid the welcome of guns and shouts of men. Tontie provided the commanding officer's house for the use of Renee and the nun, and detailed one of the mission girls to wait upon them. A slight delay was necessary here in order to transfer the contents of the canoes to a small 20-ton vessel that was placed at the disposal of Tontie. With this the men were to sail directly across the lake to the Niagara river and haul the goods to the fort before Tontie reached it.

This Tontie preferred to coast along the southern shore of the lake with his party in their canoe, a procedure less dangerous as well as one of greater comfort for his passengers. While these matters were being arranged, Renee and the nun wandered about the Indian settlement near the fort, viewing their mode of living with much interest, as this was the first glimpse of an Indian camp that they had ever had. They were received with kindness, and sought to relieve the sufferings of two or three of the old men of the tribe who were bedridden.

One day Renee had allowed the nun to return to the fort ahead of her and was sauntering along the edge of the lake. She finally stopped at a point overlooking the water and stood gazing at the scene spread out before her. The distant buildings of the fort and the curling smoke from the fires of the Indian encampment were the only signs of human habitation visible. Behind her, a few yards distant, was the dark green of the primeval forest, while in front on one side stretched the watery wastes of a great sea. Her thoughts passed over the restless surface of another greater sea to the land of her birth, and a feeling of loneliness came over her as she realized her isolated position, and she wondered at the strange vicissitudes of the life that le bon Dieu had led her through. The recollection of that bright day at Cholsy came to her afresh, when in her girlish eagerness she had penned the words of the song she had sung; penned them to the throbbing of a heart newly awakened to the first tender thrills of a strange, new passion that seemed to satisfy all the yearnings of her nature and made all things new. "Until he comes," she murmured in a saddened, dreamy retrospection. Ah! why had he not come—or rather, why had he who had come not proved worthy? Was love, then, all a dream; were no men deserving; was there not one who would merit all that rich store of heart and mind that she felt was hers to give?

Would he come to her in this vast wilderness? Ah! when and where? "I am come," spoke a familiar voice in a hesitating tone, and then stood Tontie standing a few paces behind her. She had been so busied with her own thoughts that she had not heard him break through the cover of the wood and approach. On his back was a huge load of small balsam boughs that he had cut. He threw them down beside him, and, removing his cap, continued:

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, if I have frightened you. I have been gathering fresh material for your bed hard by. I fear you have rested ill on the solid matted mass you found already there."

Renee's eyes blazed. "Do you not know, monsieur, that your attentions are distasteful to me, that I would rather sleep upon the bare ground than upon a downy couch that you had prepared?" she said.

Tontie was startled at her heat, and his cheek reddened. He answered, however, in a calm voice:

"I am come, as I was about to tell you, to thank you for a service rendered me, and to ask you to hearken to the few words I have to say. Will you not listen to me?"

"I can hardly hear or hear," was the disdainful reply, "since you are standing in the only path by which I can escape."

The young man stepped to one side, leaving the way open, and said with a serious haughtiness in his voice: "I do not wish to detain you against your will. 'Twas but a simple civil request I made, and one that I felt I had a right to expect would be granted."

Again Renee broke forth: "Right! What rights have you over me that I am bound to respect? Then feeling herself the ungraciousness of her speech, she continued more quietly: 'Go on; I will listen.'"

"I wish to thank you, then," began Tontie, "for your assistance in my escape from Paris. It was admirably planned and all the arrangements were perfect. I feel I owe it to you that I was not detained in France as the result of the unfortunate ending of my duel with the Comte de Miron."

[To Be Continued]

HAVE USED TAINTED MONEY

The "Infamous" Transactions of the Republican National Committee.

When Judge Parker made the charge just before the national election of 1904 that the Republicans were soliciting and receiving money for their campaign from corporations, President Roosevelt took occasion to personally reply. Among other things he said: "If the charges of Mr. Parker were true, then Mr. Cortelyou and myself are two of the most infamous men in the country." The exposure in the life insurance investigation shows that those corporations were solicited by the Republican managers and did pay large sums for the Roosevelt campaign fund, and Mr. Cortelyou, the chairman of the Republican national committee, and Mr. Babcock, the chairman of the congressional committee, expended the money and either themselves received it, or knew its source. As these Republican leaders are now, as they were during the campaign, in constant communication with President Roosevelt, and Mr. Cortelyou was made a member of the president's cabinet presumably for his success in soliciting money and his competent management of the campaign, and is continued in that position after the exposures of the receipt of the cash from the life insurance companies, "his infamy," as the president terms it, has evidently been condoned and indeed rewarded. Mr. Cortelyou is also still chairman of the Republican national committee and no move has been made either by the president or Mr. Cortelyou to return the money, which was filched from the fund sacred to the widow and orphan.

As President Roosevelt is constantly lecturing other people for departing from the high ideals that should govern their actions, he should at least, having been the beneficiary of the campaign fund, see that restitution is made, the more so as it is stated that nearly \$400,000 of the money subscribed by the corporations is still in the hands of the Republican national committee.

This is the true history of these proceedings, as well as a few words can tell them, and the question is what is the president going to do about it to clear his own skirts from the infamous transactions.

The outlook for the success of the Republicans at the congressional elections next fall is so dubious that Congressman Jesse Overstreet has resigned as secretary of the Republican congressional committee. The reason he gives is that the president has refused to allow him to dictate a federal appointment that has always been considered a perquisite of the congressman from the Indianapolis district. Chairman Babcock also declines the chairmanship of the committee, and he has no doubt arrived at that conclusion on account of serious doubt if the insurance companies can be held up for campaign fund contributions. Democrats should "sit up and take notice" and nominate their strongest men as candidates for congress.

WOULD GET NO THIRD TERM

If Roosevelt Should Change His Mind He Would Be Defeated.

Mr. Jacob A. Rills, a personal friend of the president, informs an anxious public that if congress fails to put into law the policies for which President Roosevelt stands he may ask a third term nomination for president. As no one knows exactly just where the president does stand on some questions, and there is good reason to believe he does not know himself what position he will take when to-morrow arrives, he will have to make all this clear to a discerning people before thinking of third terms. If the Republican party with president, congress and all branches of the government cannot agree on reform measures, the voters will in disgust turn to the Democracy, the hope and bulwark of a free people. A third term would be a dangerous innovation, although President Roosevelt might use it to advantage, but what Washington refused and Gen. Grant even was defeated for, as a violent departure from established precedent, it is probable that Mr. Roosevelt will not strive for but stick to his declared purpose not to accept a third term under any circumstances. If he should change his mind the people would quite possibly defeat him to protect their future liberty.

National Banks and the Law.

Secretary Shaw seems to be able to discover a great difference between twined and twined, for he says: "I did not say the bankers in the United States were doing the same thing all the time (that Bank-Wrecker Walsh did). I said the law (that Walsh did not heed) was being frequently violated." Anyway the bankers are breaking the law frequently and Secretary Shaw, whose business it is to see the national banking laws are obeyed for the protection of those who deposit their money in the banks, is quite as guilty as the bank-wreckers if he shuts his eyes to their evasion of the law. As President Roosevelt does not call down his secretary of the treasury, he like Shaw evidently is willing the bankers may disobey the law at the expense of the people.

The President and His Friends.

Roosevelt's Friends. Senator Lodge says "the president will not seek a re-nomination," but another close friend of Mr. Roosevelt says he may demand a third term if congress does not pass the laws he thinks are necessary. The Democrats will keep their powder dry and elect a congress who will pass the laws the people want and trust that President Roosevelt will sign the bills. As Senator Lodge has never favored or voted for the laws the people want, the sooner President Roosevelt divorces himself from such political friends as Lodge the better it will be for him. The only issues that Lodge and the president really agree upon are the Santo Domingo and Venezuela matters, and in each case President Roosevelt has been "too previous" and will have to back water.

In considering the question of "What is best for the Philippines" naturally some people do not look at it precisely from the Philippine point of view—Indianapolis News.

Tumors Conquered Without Operations

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Cases of Mrs. Fox and Miss Adams.



One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by excessive monthly periods accompanied by unusual pain extending from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation; secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once and begin its use and write Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Read these strong letters from grateful women who have been cured:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—(First Letter.) "In looking over your book I see that your medicine cures Tumors. I have been to a doctor and he tells me I have a tumor. I will be more than grateful if you can help me, as I do so dread an operation."—Fannie D. Fox, Bradford, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—(Second Letter.) "I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine."

"Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly I was obliged to undergo examination by a physician, and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation."

"I soon after read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles as directed, the tumor is entirely gone. I have again been examined."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Women's ills.

"They've found out nowadays," observed Under Jerry Peabody, "that a man can digest his food without a stomach, and talk without a tongue; but I know men that manage to live and get along all right without any brains."—Chicago Tribune.

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Everybody loves juicy, tender radishes. Salzer knows this, hence he offers to send you absolutely free sufficient radish seed to keep you in tender radishes all summer long and his great

SALZER'S BARGAIN SEED BOOK, with its wonderful surprises and great bargains in seeds at bargain prices.



The enormous crops on our seed farms the past season compel us to issue this special catalogue.

SEND THIS NOTICE TO-DAY.

and receive the radishes and the wonderful Bargain Book free.

Remit us and we will send a package of Cosmos, the most fashionable, serviceable, beautiful annual flower.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., Lock Drawer K., La Crosse, Wis.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E.W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The people who most abuse the multitude are those who have failed to win its applause.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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How a Chicago Woman Found Help When Hope Was Fast Fading Away.

Mrs. E. T. Gould, 914 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are all that saved me from death by Bright's Disease, that I know."

I had eye trouble, backache, catches when lying abed or when bending over, was languid and often dizzy and had sick headaches and bearing down pains. The kidney secretions were too copious and frequent, and very bad in appearance. It was in 1903 that Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so quickly and cured me of these troubles and I've been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



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EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN. PRICE 15c. IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES—AT ALL DRUGGISTS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS. DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of Vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. If you cannot obtain it from your druggist send 15c. in stamps or money and it will be sent to your address by mail.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

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